THE VISITOR.

A SOBER GUEST, WHOSE PHILANTHROPIC VIEWS
ARE TO INSTRUCT, OR HARMLESSLY AMUSE.

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TO THE EDITORS OF THE VISITOR.

GENTLEMEN,

MUCH time has been employed to little purpose on the subject of supernatural appearances: the prejudices against the belief of them appear to be too strong for any reasoning to remove.

In addition to the many proofs which have been given to the world respecting them, I am induced to send you the following, though I must confess with no very sanguine expectation of success in producing any serious conviction. The narrative is well authenticated, and was discovered together with some other valuable manuscripts carefully deposited by a learned Monk in Dauphiny, and lately translated from the original Latin.

A. B.

AN APPARITION.

———Aspectu ob mutuit amens,
Arrectæque horrore comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit;
Diriguit subitâ gelidus formidine sanguis.

"IN the vicinity of Chamberry, a town in Savoy, stood the ancient mansion of the Albertini; round it were several little buildings, in which were deposited the cattle, poultry, &c. &c. belonging to the family. A young gentleman of the name of Barbarosse [Now here my Author is perhaps mistaken, as I have seen the name spelt differently thus, *Barberouse*, *Barberose*, *Bourberaise*, *Barberasée*; but, however, this not a very important mistake], came to the chateau on a visit for a few days: he was cordially received, being of a pleasing lively disposition; and an elegant room in the east wing was prepared for his accommodation.

"The family and their young guest spent the day very agreeably; and after supper they sat round a comfortable large fire, and diverted themselves with songs and stories: the former, as is generally the case, were of the tender and pathetic kind, and some were sprightly; but the latter were, for the most part, of the melancholy cast particularly those which related to preternatural occurrences.

"The social party separated at half past twelve o'clock, and Barbarosse retired to his chamber. It was a handsome room, on the first floor, having three doors; two of these belonged to two little closets; one on the right that overlooked a farm yard, and another more to the left, that presented, through the window, a view of a large romantic wood; the third was that by which he entered his room after traversing a long passage. Our youth had visited the rooms in the morning, and looked out of the windows to enjoy the prospects for a great while.

"As he entered this apartment with his mind full of the diversion just left, he put his candle down upon the table, and looked about him; there was an excellent fire in the chimney, with an iron grating before it, to prevent accidents; a large elbow-chair stood near it; and not being at all sleepy, he sat down, reflecting on the amusements of the day, and endeavored to remember the tales he had heard. In some he thought he perceived strong traits of truth; and in others he discovered palpable fiction and absurdity. Whilst he was deliberating upon the various incidents, the heavy watch-bell tolled two, but Barbarosse did not attend to it, being deeply engaged in his contemplations: he was suddenly awakened from his reveries by an uncommon rustling sound, issuing from the closet on the right hand; and listening attentively, he heard distinct taps upon the floor at short intervals!

"Alarmed at the circumstance, he walked slowly to his bed-side, and drew forth his pocket pistols from under the pillow; these he carefully placed upon the table, and resumed the elbow-chair. All was again still as death, and nought but the wind, which whistled round the watch-tower, and the adjacent buildings, could be heard.

"Barbarosse looked towards the door of the closet, which he then' and not till then, perceived was open, and hanging upon the jar:—— Immediately a furious blast forced it wide open;—the taper burnt blue, and the fire seemed almost extinct!

"Barbarosse rose up, put forth a silent hasty ejaculation of prayer; and sat down again: again he heard the noise! He started up, seized the pistols, and stood motionless; whilst large cold drops of dew hung upon his face. Still his heart continued firm, and he grew more composed, when the rustling and the taps were renewed! Barbarosse desperately invoked the protection of Heaven, cocked one of the pistols, and was about to rush into the portentious apartment, when the noise increased, and drew nearer: a loud peal of thunder that seemed to rend the firmament, shook violently the solid battlements of the watch-tower, the deep-toned bell tolled three, and its hollow sound long vibrated on the ear of Barbarosse, with fainter and fainter murmurs; when a tremendous cry thrilled him with terror and dismay, and, Lo! the long-dreaded spectre stalked into the middle of the room; and Barbarosse, overcome with surprise and astonishment, at the unexpected apparition, sunk down, *convulsed*, into his chair *.

"The phantom was armed *de pied en cap*, and clad in a garment of black. On his crest a black plume waved majestically, and instead of a glove or any other sort of a lady's favour, he wore a blood-red token. He bore no weapon of offence in his hand, but a gloomy shield made of the feathers of some kind of bird was cast over each shoulder. He was booted and spurred; and, looking upon Barbarosse with ardent eyes, raised his feathery arms, and struck them vehemently against his sides, making at the same time the most energetic exclamations!

"Then it was that Barbarosse found," says my phlegmatic author, "that he had not shut down the window of that closet in the morning; from which it happened, that *a black game cock* had flown into the closet, and created all this inexpressible confusion."

A. B.

* *With laughter!*

ON CONTEMPT, OR DESPISING OUR INFERIORS.

DESPISE NONE, BUT LOOK AT HOME.

THAT which constitutes an object of contempt to the ill-natured and malevolent, becomes the object of other passions to a worthy and good natured man; for in such a person, wickedness and vice must always raise hatred and abhorrence: while weakness and folly will ever be sure to excite compassion.

However detestable this quality, which is a mixture of pride and ill nature, may appear in the serious school of Heraclitus, it will present no less absurd and ridiculous an idea to the laughing sect of Democritus, especially as we may observe, that the meanest and basest of all human beings are most forward to despise others. So that the most contemptible are generally the most contemptuous.

As a good man, as I have before observed, will give no entertainment to such a passion; so neither will a sensible man, I am well persuaded, find much opportunity to exert it. If men would but make a moderate use of that self examination, which philosophers and divines have recommended to them, it would tend greatly to the cure of this disposition. Their contempt would then as their charity is said to do, begin at *home*. To say the truth, a man hath this better chance of despising himself than he hath of despising others, as he is likely to know himself best.

Contempt is generally mutual; there is scarce any one man who despises another, without being at the same time despised by him, of which I shall endeavour to produce some few instances.

As the right hon. lord Squanderfield, at the head of a vast retinue,

paſſes by Mr. M. Buckram, citizen and taylor, in his chaiſe and *one*, —"See there!" ſays my lord, with an air of the higheſt contempt, "that raſcal Buckram, with his fat wife: I ſuppoſe he is going to his country houſe, for ſuch fellows muſt have their country houſe, as well as their vehicle. Theſe are the raſcals that complain of want of trade." Buckram, on the other hand, is no ſooner recovered from the fear of being run over, before he could get out of the way; than turning to his wife, he cries—'Very fine, faith! an honeſt citizen is to be run over by ſuch fellows as theſe, who drive about in their coaches and ſix, with other people's money. See, my dear, what an equipage he has got, and yet he cannot find money to pay an honeſt tradeſman. He is above an hundred pounds deep in my books; how I deſpiſe ſuch lords!'

Lady Fanny Rantum, from the ſide box, caſting her eyes on an honeſt pawn broker's wife below her, bids lady Betty her companion take notice of that creature in the pit; 'Did you ever ſee, lady Betty,' ſays ſhe, 'ſuch a ſtrange wretch? how the awkward monſter is dreſſed?' The good woman at the ſame time ſurveying lady Fanny, and offended perhaps at a ſcornful ſmile, which ſhe ſees in her countenance, whiſpers her friend, 'obſerve lady Fanny Rantum. As great airs as that fine lady gives herſelf, my huſband hath all her jewels under lock and key; what a contemptible thing is *poor* quality!'

Is there on earth a greater object of contempt than the poor ſcholar to a ſplendid beau? unleſs perhaps the ſplendid beau to the poor ſcholar? The philoſopher and the world; the man of buſineſs, and the man of pleaſure; the beauty and the wit; the hypocrite and the profligate; the covetous and the ſquanderer; are all alike inſtances of this reciprocal contempt.

Take the ſame obſervations into the loweſt life, and we ſhall find the ſame proneneſs to deſpiſe each other. The common ſoldier, who hires himſelf out to be ſhot at for *five pence* a day, who is the only ſlave in a free country; and is liable to be ſent to any part of the world without his conſent—and whilſt at home ſubject to the ſevereſt puniſhments, for offences which are not to be found in our law books; yet this noble perſonage looks with a contemptuous air on all his brethren of that order in the commonwealth, whether of mechanics or huſbandmen, from whence he was himſelf taken. On the other hand, however adorned with his brick duſt coloured coat, and bedaubed with worſted lace of a penny a yard, the very gentleman ſoldier is as much deſpiſed in his turn, by the whiſtling carter, who comforts himſelf, that he is a free born man, and will live with no maſter any longer than he likes him; nay, and though he never was worth ten pounds in his life, is ready to anſwer a captain if he offends him, 'D—n you ſir, who are you? Is it not we that pay you?'

This contemptuous diſpoſition is in reality the ſnre attendant on a mean and bad mind in every ſtation; on the contrary, a great and *good* man will be free from it, whether he be placed at the bottom or top of life. I was therefore not a little pleaſed at the rebuke lately given by a black ſhoe boy to another, who had expreſſed his contempt of one of the modern town ſmarts; 'Why ſhould you deſpiſe him, Jack?' ſaid the honeſt lad—'we are all what the Lord pleaſes to make us.'

FOR THE VISITOR.

APHORISMS.

Manners, like the graduated ſcale of the thermometer, betray by degrees the expanſion or contraction of the feelings, as they are warmed by emotion or chilled by indifference.

That maxim of Adrian, which he ſo often repeated in the ſenate, ſhould be engraven on the hearts of all men in power, "I propoſe to myſelf," ſays he, "ſo to govern the Commonwealth as to ſhew I never forget it is the people's and not my own property."

The merit which we cannot equal, we ſhould always endeavour to imitate.

If we meet with a bad return for the ſervices we have rendered our fellow creatures, let us ſtill extend a ſaving hand, and ſay, though ſome may be ignorant and ungrateful, I will yet ſhew, by my example, what it is to be generous and merciful.

An expert logician may puzzle with words and propoſe difficulties which I could not ſolve but; he can never convince me that I do not exiſt or that I am not poſſeſſed of the conſciouſneſs of feeling.

However a man may be diſpoſed to accede to acknowledged authorities, from politeneſs or from any other motive, yet no one can propoſe to him a more evident ſtandard of truth; or one of higher authority than what he derives from his own underſtanding and ſenſations.

There is nothing of greater conſequence to a man than his moral ſentiments; his reaſon, his memory, and his imagination; yet how often is ſophiſtry employed to overturn them all!

It is not to ſerve the cauſe of truth, or to promote the intereſt of human happineſs that a few metaphyſicians have found themſelves diſpoſed to deny the exiſtence, or to queſtion the authenticity, of our moral feelings.

Every man ought to poſſeſs a moral principle diſtinct from the hope of reward, the fear of puniſhment, or the influence of cuſtom.

We conceive a number of ideas which admit of no exact definition; yet concerning which, in ſpite of the caſuits, we may argue, and believe, and know, with the utmoſt clearneſs and certainty.

The practice of a gameſter carries with it ruin and diſgrace, and is as inimical to fortune, as it is to all the manly and ſocial virtues.

Z.

THE CRIMINAL.

(Concluded.)

THE deeds of this man in a ſhort time ſpread alarm through the whole province. The highways were rendered unſafe; frequent houſebreaking by night diſtreſſed the citizen; the name of the landlord of the ſun became the terror of the country people; juſtice made ſtrict ſearch for him, and ſet a reward on his head. He was fortunate enough to fruſtrate every attempt on his liberty, and ſufficiently artful to avail himſelf of the fears of the ſuperſtitious peaſant for his own ſafety. His aſſociates had ſpread a rumour, that he was a ſorcerer, and had made a league with the devil. The diſtrict in which he played his part, was ſtill leſs then, than at the preſent day, to be accounted among the civilized in Germany. The report was credited, and his perſon protected. Nobody ſeemed inclined to engage with the dangerous fellow whom the devil patronized.

He had now followed this unhappy line of life a year, when it began to grow inſupportable to him. The band, at whoſe head he had placed himſelf, had not fulfilled his brilliant expectation. Overpowered by wine, he had then ſuffered himſelf to be won by a dazzling outſide, now he diſcovered with horror how abominably he had been deceived. Hunger and want had ſucceeded in the place of that ſuperfluity with which they had inveigled him; very often was he compelled to riſk his own life for a ſingle meal, and even that was barely ſufficient to keep ſoul and body together.

The ſhadow of that brotherly harmony vaniſhed. Envy, ſuſpicion, and jealouſy kept this infernal band in perpetual diſſention, Juſtice had offered a reward to any one who would deliver him up alive, and ſhould he be an accomplice, a ſolemn promiſe of pardon beſides—a powerful inducement for the dregs of mankind. The integrity of thoſe who had betrayed both God and man was but a poor ſecurity for his life. Sleep from this moment fled his eye-lids; conſtant fear of death preyed upon his reſt; the ghaſtly ſpectre of ſuſpicion haunted him wherever he fled; tortured him when awake; couched on his pillow when he went to ſleep; and terrified him in horrid dreams. His conſcience, which long had been dumb, at the ſame time regained the power of ſpeech, and the canker worm of repentence, which had been aſleep, awoke at this general ſtorm in his breaſt. All his hatred fell now from mankind and turned its terrible edge againſt himſelf. He forgave all nature, and found nobody to curſe but himſelf alone.

Juſt about this time the ſeven years war broke out, and the recruiting was carried on with great ſpirit. From this circumſtance the unhappy wretch entertained hopes, and wrote a letter to his ſovereign, an extract of which I ſhall here inſert.

"If your princely favour does not ſhrink back at the idea of deſcending to me, if offenders of my nation do not lie beyond the limits of your mercy, grant me, I beſeech you, moſt gracious ſoverign, a hear-

ing. I am murderer and a thief. The law has condemned me to death, juſtice purſues me; and I offer to preſent myſelf voluntarily, but at the ſame time I lay before you a ſtrange ſupplication. I deteſt life, and fear not to die, but awful to me are the thoughts of death without having lived. I would wiſh to live, in order to compenſate for a part of the paſt; I would wiſh to live, in order to conciliate myſelf with the ſtate, which I have injured. My execution will prove an example for the world, but no recompence for my crimes. I have an abhorrence for vice, and feel an ardent deſire for virtue. I have diſplayed abilities, which have rendered me the terror of my country, I hope I ſtill retain ſome to be uſeful to it.

"I am conſcious that I require what is unprecedented: my life is forfeited, it does not become me to enter on ſtipulations with juſtice. But I do not appear before you in fetters and chains,—ſtill am I free —and my fear has the ſmalleſt ſhare in my prayer.

"It is mercy for which I entreat you. A claim on juſtice, even if I had one, I would not preſume to adduce.—However, I may ſtill be allowed to remind my judges of one circumſtance. The æra of my crimes commences with the ſentence which for ever deprived me of honour. Had equity been then leſs denied me, I ſhould now perhaps have no need of mercy.

"Let mercy take place of law, my ſovereign. It is in your gracious power to diſpenſe with the laws in my behalf; confer upon me my life. It ſhall from the preſent moment be devoted to your ſervice. If you can, let me know your moſt gracious will from the public papers, and I ſhall on your princely word preſent myſelf in the capital. If you have determined otherwiſe with me, let juſtice do its duty, I muſt do mine."

This petition remained unanſwered, as likewiſe a ſecond and a third, in which the ſupplicant begged for the place of a dragoon in the prince's ſervice.—His hope of a pardon totally extinguiſhed, he formed the reſolution of flying of the country, and of dying as a gallant ſoldier in the ſervice of the king of Pruſſia.

He eſcaped happily from his band, and began his journey. The way led him through a ſmall country town, where he meant to paſs the night. A ſhort time before, ſtrict mandates had been iſſued throughout the whole country for the rigorous examination of all travellers, becauſe the ſovereign, prince of the empire, had taken part in the war. Such orders had alſo been enjoined to the examiner of this town, who was ſitting on a bench before the gate as the landlord of the ſun rode up to it. The equipage of this man exhibited ſomething comic, and at the ſame time frightful and wild. The Roſinante on which he rode, and the burleſque choice of his garments, where his taſte had probably been leſs conſulted than the cronology of his robberies, made a wonderful contraſt with a face on which was diſplayed ſo many violent affections, like mangled carcaſes on a field of battle. The examiner ſtopped ſhort at the ſight of this ſtrange wanderer. He immediately ſhut the gate, and laying hold of the reins, demanded of the rider his paſſport. Wolf was prepared for ſomething of this kind, and carried really a paſſport with him, which he had lately taken from a merchant whom he had robbed. But this ſingle teſtimony was not ſufficient to remove ſuſpicions; the examiner credided his own eyes more than this paper, and Wolf was compelled to follow him to the juſtice.

The juſtice of the place examined the paſſport and declared it to be good. He was a lover of news, and was particularly fond of talking politics over a bottle. The paſſport informed him, that the bearer came directly from the enemy's country, where the theatre of the war then was. He hoped to draw from the ſtranger ſome private information, and ſent back a ſecretary with the paſſport, to invite him to drink a glaſs of wine with him.

Meanwhile, the landlord ſtopped before the juſtices; the ludicrous ſpectacle had attracted the notice of the mob, and aſſembled them in flocks about him. A general murmur ariſes, they point alternately at the ſteed and rider, till at laſt the wantonneſs of the people ended in downright riot. The horſe at which every one pointed, unfortunately happened to be a ſtolen one; he imagined that the horſe had been adverti ſed and was known. The unexpected hoſpitality of the juſtice confirms him in his ſuſpicions. Now he is fully perſuaded that the impoſture of his paſſport is detected, and that the invitation is only a ſnare to catch him alive and without reſiſtance. A bad conſcience makes him a blockhead; he puts ſpurs to his horſe, and gallops off without returning an anſwer.

This ſudden flight is the ſignal for purſuit.

A general hue and cry is raiſed, "ſtop thief!" and every one fled after him. The life and death of the rider is at ſtake, he has already got the ſtart of his purſuers, they pant breathleſs after him, he is near his delivery——but a heavy hand preſſes inviſibly againſt him, the hour of his fate is run,—the inexorable Nemeſis detains her debtor. The ſtreet to which he had truſted himſelf has no outlet; he is obliged to turn upon his purſuers.

The noiſe of this affair, in the mean time, had put the whole town in commotion, crowds gather upon crowds, every ſtreet was barricadoed, a hoſt of foes advance againſt him. He takes out a piſtol, the populace fall back; he determines to open himſelf a way by force through the crowd. "I'll blow out that man's brains," cries he "who is fool-hardy enough to ſtop me." Fear commands a general pauſe;—a reſolute journeyman ſmith at laſt lays hold of his arm from behind, ſeizes the finger with which, frantic with deſpair, he was going to draw the trigger, and thruſt it out of joint. The piſtol falls, the defenceleſs wretch is torn from his horſe, and dragged back in triumph to the juſtices.

"Who are you, fellow?" aſked the judge in a ſomwhat harſh tone of voice.

"A man who is reſolved to anſwer no queſtions, until they are more civilly aſked."

"Who are you, then!"

"For what I paſſed myſelf. I have travelled through Germany, but ſuch rude impertinence as I have met with here is to be found no where."

"Your haſty flight renders you very ſuſpicious. Why did you fly?"

"Becauſe I was weary of being the laughing ſtock of your populace."

"You threatened to fire on them."

"My piſtol was not loaded, you may examine it, you will find no ball in it."

"Why do you carry ſecret weapens about you?"

"Becauſe I have things of value with me, and becauſe I have been warned of a certain landlord of the Sun, who is ſaid to infeſt this part of the country."

"Your anſwers ſay a great deal for your boldneſs, but nothing for your exculpation. I allow you till to-morrow to tell me the truth."

"I will remain by the anſwers I have given."

"Lead him to the tower."

"To the tower? your worſhip, I hope there is ſtill ſome juſtice in the land. I ſhall require ſatisfaction."

"I ſhall give it you as ſoon as you can juſtify yourſelf."

The next morning the juſtice conſidered that the ſtranger might perhaps be innocent, that the authorative manner of ſpeaking would have but little influence on his obſtinacy, and that it would be better to treat him with decency and moderation. He aſſembled the jury of the place, and ordered the priſoner to be brought before him.

"Pardon me, ſir, if in the firſt moment of my paſſion I yeſterday ſpoke a little harſhly to you."

"With pleaſure, if you addreſs me in this manner."

"Our laws are ſevere, your affair made a noiſe, I cannot ſet you at liberty without infringing my duty. Appearances are againſt you, I wiſh you could ſay ſomething to me by which they might be confuted."

"But if I knew nothing?"

"Then I muſt ſtate the caſe to government, and you remain ſo long in cuſtody."

"And then?"

"Then you run the danger of being whipped over the frontiers as a vagrant, or if they deal graciouſly with you, they will force you to enliſt."

He was for ſome moments ſilent, and appeared to have a ſevere conflict with himſelf; then he turned boldly towards the judge.

"Can I be a quarter of an hour alone with you?"

The jury looked at one another in a doubtful manner, but retired on a commanding wink from their ſuperior.

"Now what is your requeſt?"

"Your behaviour of yeſterday, ſir, would never have brought me to a confeſſion, for I ſet force at defiance. The delicacy with which you have treated me this day has inſpired me with confidence and reſpect towards you. I believe that you are a man of honour."

"What have you to ſay to me?"

"I ſee that you are a man of honour. I have long wiſhed for ſuch a man as you. Allow me your right hand."

"What is the uſe of all this?"

"Thy hair is grey and reverend, you have lived long in this world, have had ſorrows enough of your own—is it not ſo? and are become more inclined to pity the miſery of your fellow-creatures?"

"Sir, what is the meaning of this?"

"You are now on the brink of eternity, ſoon will you yourſelf ſtand

in need of mercy from God; you will not refuse it to men—have you no idea of what I am going to say? With whom do you suppose you speak?"

"What is all this? you frighten me."

"Have you still no idea?—Write to your prince in what state you found me, and that I was myself from free choice my betrayer; may God hereafter be merciful to him as he will presently be to me; entreat his pity in my behalf, father, and let a tear fall on your report.——I am the Landlord of the Sun."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

He died!

THEATRICAL COMMUNICATION.

MR. VISITOR.

I congratulae you and other admirers of rational refinemement on the improving taite of the public, evinced by the encouragement which has been given to the representation of Pantomimes and Melodramas in our Theatre this season, and having a penchant to contribute my mite to the progress of that improvement, I take the liberty, through the medium of your paper, of recommending to the all-accommodating attention of *Messieurs Placide & Green* the following chef d'œuvre of its kind.

The interest, you will observe, as is usual in such pieces, is of a German tinge; and the characters and circumstances are all of them foreign, not only to our country, but to the ordinary rules of dramatic writing: indeed, some persons to whom I have shewn the manuscript, which was bequeathed to me by an ingenious young man, now no more, have suspected that it is nothing more than a translation; but this, you know, in these enlightened days, can be no impediment to its success.

My constant attendance at the Theatre has given me some knowledge of the scenic art, and therefore, to alleviate the task of the managers as much as I can, I have cast the piece myself; and with such a scrupulous regard to figure and talent, as, when added to the superlative merit of the composition, will doubtless render it eminently productive: in which opinion I remain,

Yours, &c.

DAVID DANGLE.

STEALI,

OR, THE LADY OF THE GAOL,

A Melodrama, in one act.

Bluffenberg, Lieutenant of Police, a sleeping and consequently a *silent* character, - - - - -	Mr. Placide,
Count Von Snarl, Governor of a District, - - -	Clark,
Count Steali, an unfortunate Nobleman, - - - -	Rutherford
Smacko, formerly a taylor, but now coachman to Bluffenberg, - - - - - - - - - - -	Bray,
Snappenfield, a Police-officer, - - - - - -	Sully.
Miss Bluffenberg, the Lieutenant's daughter, -	Mrs. Utt,
Liskina, a Waiting maid, - - - - - - -	Clark.

Officers, Citizens, Dancers, &c.

The place of action, is Strasbourg and the environs.

SCENE—*A Street in Strasbourg.*

Enter VON SNARL.

Von Snarl.—The lovely Miss Bluffenberg still rejects my suit: but I am now made Governor of Alsatia—Her father is Lieutenant of Police, in Strasbourg; and her lover the Count Steali, is in gaol. Yes, all is safe. Here comes my faithful Snappenfield.

Enter Snappenfield.

Snap.—What deep anxiety distorts the brow of my dear General?

Von Snarl.—'Tis joy that gives to my countenance the expression of sorrow.

Snap.—Ha! has your passion for Miss Bluffenberg been crowned with success?

Von Snarl.—An adventure has occurred which has secured the fair one to my arms.

Snap.—Then hold her tight. What is the adventure?

Von Snarl.—To you I will entrust the tale. Last night, at dusk, I walked along the Streets of Strasbourg. An ominous sensation of some approaching accident, good or bad, pervaded my breast. The moon beam glittered on my eye, but the darkness of doubt was on my soul.

Snap.—I am breathless with anxiety. Pray proceed.

Von Snarl.—Suddenly the sky was overcast—deep thunders roared, blue lightnings flashed, the rain beat thickly on the cape of my uniform great coat, and but for the precaution of an umbrella, I had certainly been wet to the skin. By the light of the electrified atmosphere, I perceived a figure approach me in a ragged pair of breeches.

Snap.—Oh! my foreboding soul, the Count!

Von Snarl.—You shall hear. His brow was bent, and misery seemed seated.—

Snap.—Where? in his eye?

Von Snarl.—No.—Seated in those ragged breeches of which I told you. He threw himself into a commanding attitude, and with a voice like the hurricane of Persia, asked me for six-pence, to drink my health. I refused him the sum, and passed on.—

Snap.—Without discovering his person?

Von Snarl.—Cease to interrupt me. The dampness of the weather soon urged me to relieve my nose from superfluous moisture—Imagine my horror and surprise, when, on putting my hand into my pocket, I missed my handkerchief!

Snap.—I see it!

Von Snarl.—See what? my pocket handkerchief?

Snap.—No, my lord, the villany of Count Steali.

Von Snarl.—I gave the alarm, and my men produced the Count: but not till he had pawned the pocket handkerchief, and spent all the money arising therefrom.

Snap.—Amazing!

Von Snarl.—He is now in the custody of Bluffenberg. But he shall be hanged, and the lovely Miss Bluffenberg shall yet be my own. Yes! sure, the pangs of hell are jokes to the tortures of jealouly: my heart has long been burning with despair, wider than the desert, and wilder than the billows: but now Count Steali dies, and Von Snarl shall yet be happy. [*Exit.*

Snap. (*Aside*)—Now to end the scene with a song.

Song.—Snappenfield.

How blest in sweet and peaceful dreams,
The native of that country seems,
Where vagabonds are not allow'd
For to go safely out abroad.

Let Alsace through her various shires,
Molest a thief where'er he flies,
And hell with all its blazing fires,
Receive the rascal when he dies! [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A Hall in Bluffenberg's house.—Miss Bluffenberg and Liskina are discovered.

Lisk.—Nay, lady, dry your beautiful eyes—we will yet contrive an escape for the Count Steali, and you shall be blest in the society of your lover.

Miss Bluf.—Gentle Liskina, do not feed me with false hopes.

Lisk.—Hope, madam, is a food eaty of digestion.

Miss Bluf.—Ah! no! to a disordered constitution, alas! 'tis like physic, which will never remain upon the stomach.

Lisk.—Madam, he shall be preserved: for I have heard, that, in a play, somebody once said, "To save the life of a brave man, is a desirable object!" With Smacko's help, I do not despair. Hark! how the rain beats, and Smacko is out in the storm. Would he were safe at home.

MUSICAL SITUATION.

Trio.—Smacko, Miss Bluffenberg, and Liskina.

Lisk.—Who is knocking at the door,
And wants to be let in?
Smacko (*without*).—To keep one in a storm so sore,
I swear it is a sin.
Miss Bluf.—Honest Smacko, is it you?
Smacko.—Yes, ma'am, will you let me through?

Miſt Bluf. and Liſk.---Oh, by all means, let him through.

Liſk.---I will open the door, madam: it will open, if I lift up the latch, and turn the key!

[*She opens the door, ſoft muſic playing all the while. Miſs Bluffenberg kiſſes her hand to Smacko, and exit.*]

Liſk.---Now Smacko, be merry. You know it is your character never to ſpeak without a joke.

Sm.---Yet I always ſpeak funnily, *without a joke.*

Liſk.---We muſt help the Count Steali to eſcape.

Sm.---By helping him to *his cape* (*i. e.* eſcape), we may raiſe his *choler* (*i. e.* collar).

Liſk.---That joke comes well from you, who were once a taylor---and when we have delivered him---

Sm.---When we have delivered him, if he has a coat to his back, he'll *laugh in his ſleeve.*

Liſk.---If ever he is ſo ungrateful, we'll rip up his coat and him too.

Sm.---*So it ſeems*, (*i. e.* ſow its ſeams).

Liſk.---You appear dejected.

Sm.---Then I am like an old hat.

Liſk.---Why ſo?

Sm.---Becauſe I look *unnappy* (*i. e.* unhappy).

Liſk.---I ſuppoſe you are thinking of Miſs?

Sm.—I think you are *talking of Miſs* (*i. e.* amiſs).

Liſk.---Then I will ſing you a ſong.

Sm.---'Tis but juſt to *give me a ſong*, ſince you *give yourſelf ſo many airs.* But if you will ſing, while I think of a plan for delivering the Count, ſing me the old tune that I am ſo fond of: for my mind is ſo perplexed, that I would almoſt *give my life for an old ſong.*

Ballad.---Liſkina.

Oh! ſweet are the gales and the ſoft blowing breezes,
And ſweet is the ſound of the motionleſs ſea,
And ſweet are the birds as they ſing on the trees es,
But ſweeter than all is my true love to me.

I'll make him a beautiful pink pair of breeches,
With richly work'd ſeams, and with regular ſtitches;
For dearly as I love the touch of a guinea,
My Smacko he loves his dear little Liſkina!

Liſk.---Now do you love me Smacko?

Sm.---Better than my horſes---though my love for both is *ſtable.*

Liſk.---Our maſter, Bluffenberg, is you know, Lieutenant of Police---he keeps the keys of the priſon where the Count is confined. That key we muſt ſteal.

Sm.--- That is but fair: the key is *ſteel.*

Liſk.—You talk of ſteel---are you ſerious?

Sm.---No; *ironical*: but when we talk of *ſteel*, as I am a comical *dog*, I am apt to come to *bark.*

Liſk.---Then we will take advantage of the Lieutenant's evening ſlumber, and change the key.

Sm.---We will, and relieve the Count,---only let us take care not to get ourſelves into a ſcrape with our maſter---we are in high favour juſt now---but if *we change his key, he may change his note.* [*Exeunt.*

Scene---The inſide of a Priſon.

Count Steali is diſcovered at the back of the ſtage lying on a heap of ſtraw.

Count.---With what unrelenting ſeverity do my perſecutors treat me! The Count Von Snarl vows vengeance againſt me for picking his pocket of a common cambric handkerchief.---Cambric!---by all my hopes, 'twas cotton.---Callico!---oh! loſt, unfortunate Steali! May all the curſes of hell overwhelm me---may thunder ſhake my frame, and rolling tempeſts, in their vengeful fury, drive me to atoms, if the handkerchief had been waſhed for a fortnight!---and then to ſnuffy---Ha! 'twas becauſe the Count Von Snarl takes ſnuff, that he thus bitterly reſents the loſs of his pocket handkerchief! What raſh intruder's here?

Enter Snappenfield.

Now, minion, ſpeak thy buſineſs quickly.

Snap.---Art thou the impriſoned Count?

Count (ſullenly, but magnanimouſly) I am Steali.

Snap.---I come from Count Von Snarl, with propoſals.

Count---How? Does the fiend relent?

Snap.---Hold, not abuſive language, Count, I offer you liberty.

Count.---Speak boldly.

Snap.---Do you know the value of liberty?

Count.---Can I do otherwiſe? I have been in America!

Snap.---That happy country, where equal laws and equal rights protect alike the poor and the rich---where, except a few trifling reſtrictions, commerce, induſtry and the arts, flouriſh kindly hand in hand---where every man is brave, and every woman beautiful!

Count.---Where, above all, an uncorrupted government, the protector of the people, the enemy of all unjuſt excluſion, the guardian of freedom, the friend of religious toleration, unites its citizens at home in the bonds of concord, and waves its glorious ſtandard to the tartheſt extremities of the globe!

[*During the applauſe which theſe ſentences may naturally be expected to produce, the actors are requeſted to come down to the lamps, and throw themſelves into ſome graceful, but energetic attitude.*]

Snap.---Liberty is offered you, then, upon one condition.

Count.---Name it!

Snap.---That you renounce all claim upon the heart of Miſs Bluffenberg.

Count.---I will ſooner die! yes! let the mighty frame of earth diſſolve; let atomic anarchy overwhelm the created forms of matter; let Chaos reaſſume his ancient reign, and pulverize all nature into duſt; let any thing, aye, and every thing, moſt dire and moſt impoſſible, converge into the circle of probability, ere Steali ſhall commit an outrage ſo diſgraceful to the character of a ſoldier, ſo falſe to the feelings of a lover!

Snap.---This language little decks the tongue of one, who lately was committed to a gaol for the petty larceuy of a pocket handkerchief.

Count.---Wretch, doſt thou twit me with my indiſcretion? Know, that though my neceſſities were urgent, my honor is ſtill unſtained: and that ſuch is the nicety of my philoſophy, that I can keep my heart unſullied, even while my hand is in the act of ſpoiling!

Snap.---Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Count.---Nay, if you laugh at woes like mine, I muſt revenge the inſult offered in my perſon, to ſuffering humanity---Hence---leſt my rage grow uncontroulable, and I add to my venial errors, the foible of murder!

[*Snappenfield goes out, and the ſcene cloſes.*

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Natural History.

"Charcoal and native ſulpher have been found fifty-four feet below the ſurface of the earth, in the neighbourhood of Waſhington.

"How came wood at ſuch a depth in the earth? what turned it into charcoal? was the ſurface of the earth ever ſo low as fifty feet below the preſent ſurface?" *Waſhington American.*

The hill on which the Congreſs-houſe ſtands is more than eighty feet above the level of tide-water of the river; and ſixty or ſeventy above the low lands on the ſouth. It has been thought that in diſtant ages the bed of the ſtream was not ſo deep as at preſent, but ſpread over a greater extent, and as the channel deepened, the water gradually receeded and depoſited on the ſhallows the trees which had been borne down by its current. That the water has gradually receded; the land being thinly ſtratified with muddy clay, common to the ſhores, ſand and water worn pebbles, has put beyond doubt. Around theſe trees detached from the ſhore, mud, and other trees have collected and deepened the channel by forming a bank.—But all this is no reaſon that there is not ſtone coal in the vicinity.

Changes as great, and much more aſtoniſhing have taken place, both in the old and new world. On Mont Blanc, the higheſt of the Alps, and on the Appenines, large oyſter ſhells, muſcles, clams and crabs are frequent. In the north of Europe, there is a coal mine a thouſand yards in depth, and every body knows coal to be mineraliz[illegible] *vegetables.* In this mine a whole tree was found ſo entire, that even the ſeed and ſmalleſt branches were diſcovorable.—In lime ſtone countries, one hundred and a thouſand miles from the ocean, marine ſhell are found at the very bottom of quarries and mines; in the retired and utmoſt parts of the moſt firm and ſolid rocks; upon the tops of the higheſt hills and mountains; as well as in vallies and plains; not in one country only, but in all places where marble and chalk, alabaſter and gyps, and many other things were dug.

In Richmond, (Vir.)in digging wells, ſixty, ninety, and a hundred feet below the ſurface, ſharks teeth have been dug up. In Williamsburg, two miles from James-River, and ſixty miles from the Atlantic five feet below the ſurface, the ſkeleton of a whale was found, which from a combination of circumſtances was ſuppoſed to have periſhed in its native element. We have an account of wood being found to the Eaſtward, at the depth of fifty feet, with the appearance of being cut with an iron inſtrument, a part of which remained in the inciſion, but entirely corroded, while the wood was almoſt ſound. Our papers give us accounts almoſt every ſeaſon of foſſil wood ; echini and entrochi, and ſtrata of various other ſhells, or earth moulded in them and petrified, being found in the interior, at various depths.—Thoſe who will not believe theſe things to have been depoſited firſt, and the earth over them, muſt believe with philoſophers of old, that they are mere ſports of nature, in exact imitation of thoſe that have had life, chryſtals ſhot into the forms of ſhells &c. which every one will allow to be abſurd.

If ſuch things have been found in other places, we can ſee no reaſon for aſtoniſhment at finding *foſſil wood*, fifty feet under ground at Waſhington ; and that it ſhould be turned to *charcoal* and covered with ſulpher, is eaſy to be accounted for. In ſinking wells in and near the city, foſſil wood penetrated with pyrites, has been diſcovered from forty to fifty feet through gravel. Sand and muddy ſulphate of iron have been frequently brought up, After digging clay at the baſe of Congreſs houſe hill, trees, whoſe vegetable organization was evident, were diſcovered, penetrated with pyrites, which in every country, accompanies almoſt every mineral, particularly *decaying vegetables*.

This compoſition of ſulphur and iron either natural or artificial, is very well known on being moiſtened to take *fire*, and to be the cauſe of all internal fires. Now a proper quantity of moiſture came upon theſe *pyrites*, they took *fire* and burned the wood to *charcoal*, and ſeparated the iron from the ſulpher ; and becauſe there was little or no evaporation, they muſt continue burning, undiminiſhed, until accident ſhould extinguiſh them ; conſequently charcoal and native ſulpher were found together.

An explanation very reaſonable and creditable to thoſe whoſe curioſity prompts them to examine ; but aſtoniſhing and wonderful to thoſe who ridicule "*ſuch paltry inveſtigations.*"

Of all ſtudies, that of Nature is the moſt rational, pleaſing and inſtructive. Of all profeſſions, Divinity is the moſt proper for the inveſtigation of Nature : our divines ſhould make it their ſtudy ; they ſhould not preach and extol the wonderful machinations of her prolific power on the authority of others, but ſhould themſelves find "*tongues in trees, ſermons in ſtones and* GOD* *in every thing.*"

* In the text ; "GOOD."

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

"The female mind is naturally credulous, affectionate, and in its attachment ardent. If, in her peculiar ſituation, her aſſiduities muſt be deemed in any degree culpable let us remember that this is but a veſſel of refined clay. When the awful record of her errors is enrolled may that ſigh which was breathed for the miſery of fellow mortals waft away the ſcroll, and the tears which flowed for the calamities of others, float the memorial down the ſtream of oblivion !

On the errors of women let us look with the allowance and humanity of men. Enchanting woman ! thou balm of life ! ſoother of ſorrow ! ſolace of the ſoul ! how doſt thou lighten the load of human miſery, and lead the wretched into the valley of delight ! without thee how heavily would men drag through a dreary world ! but if the white hand of a faſcinating female be twined round his arm, how joyous, how lightly doth he trip along the path !

That warm and tender friend, who in the moſt trying ſituations, retains fondneſs, and in every change of fortune preſerves unabated love, ought to be embraced as the firſt beniſon of Heaven---the completion of earthly happineſs. Let man draw ſuch a prize in the lottery of life, and glide down the ſtream of exiſtence with ſuch a partner neither the cold averted eye of a ſummer friend, nor the frowns of adverſe fortune, ſhould produce a pang, nor excite a murmur.

MARRIAGES.

MARRIED—, At Norfolk, Mr. Stephen P. Roſe, Printer, to Miſs Sarah A. Gibbons.

——At the ſame place, Mr. Archibald B. Campbell, to Miſs Mary C. Smith.

——At Baltimore, John Mansfield Eſq. of London, ſon of Lord Mansfield, to Miſs Mary B. Smith.

——On Thurſday evening the 14th inſt. Mr James Henderſon, Merchant of Williamſburg, to Mrs. Elizabeth Horſburg.

——On the ſame evening, Mr. Thomas Rives, to Miſs Frances S. Thweatt, daughter of Mr. Charles Thweatt, all of Dinwiddie.

——On the 15th inſt. George Trant, Eſq. Attorney at Law, to Miſs Mary B. Walker, both of Kingwilliam county.

DEATHS.

DIED—, On Friday morning, the 15 inſt. at half paſt 8 o'clock, Miſs Mary Foſter, of this city.

——In Peterſburg on Tueſday morning laſt, Mrs. Sarah Morgan.

——In the city of Dublin, James Byrne, a citizen of the ſtate of Virginia, and formerly a reſident of Peterſburg, in the 73th year of his age.

——On the 18th of December, Mr. Edmund Eggleſton, of Hanover county, in the eighteenth year of his age.

——On the 20 inſt, at Baltimore, the Reverend Francis Berſton Rector of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Peter in that city.

——At Pittſburg, on the 11th inſt John Wilkins, Eſquire.

At Blymhill, Stafford, co. England, in his 80th year, John Brotherton, labourer, a native of that pariſh. During 18 years of his youth, he faithfully ſerved his country in the Granadier Company of the 37th Regiment, and fought with that corps at the Battle of Minden. Religion diſtinguiſhed him from the careleſs multitude ; his manners were gentle ; and his general conduct was without offence. An anecdote illuſtrative of the care of Divine Providence, well deſerves to be recorded in this account, which is written chiefly for the purpoſe of introducing it : the truth of the fact may be relied upon. Immediately on leaving his native cottage, to enter the army, Brotherton took with him a ſmall bible, determining to make it the companion of his marches. Previous to an engagement, he was accuſtomed to place the book upon his breaſt, between his coat and waiſtcoat ; a practice to which he once owed the preſervation of his life. In an action fought in Germany, while the 37th regiment was engaged in cloſe quarters with the enemy, he received a thruſt from a bayonet directed againſt his breaſt. The point of the weapon, after piercing his belt and coat paſſed through the binding of the bible, and perforated 52 of the leaves. This book now remains in the poſſeſſion of one of the brothers.

Blanks of every description, Sold at this Office.

AND

ALMANACS,

For the year 1810.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

Once a Fortnight, at Two Dollars per Annum,

By Lynch & Southgate,

Original Poetry.

FOR THE VISITOR.

****

*To Miss P***, my having prevailed on her to play on the Piano.*

Ah! why did I ſeek my own peace to deſtroy,
Or my anxious intreaty ſuſtain,
Ah! why a few moments of rapture enjoy,
To endure many ages of pain.

When you ſpoke—I was lull'd in a lethargy ſweet,
As I heard the ſoft melody flow;
When you ſung—Ah! your voice with ſuch magic replete,
I felt then a balm for my woe.

When I gaz'd on the charms of your dark brilliant eyes,
And felt the warm beams they impart;
I thought the bright orbs you purloin'd from the ſkies,
And with them ſtole from me, my heart.

When I firſt ſaw your form ſo bewitching and fair,
With aſtoniſh'd delight I ſurvey'd,
I thought you ſome viſion that floats on the air,
Or I thought you ſome ſweet ſylvan maid.

But calm was my heart—'til you touch'd the ſoft key,
Ah! I felt then an exquiſite thrill,
'Twas the thraldom of love and I ſigh'd to be free;
But wond'rous I own was thy ſkill. STREPHON.

Elegy written in Winter.

Sweet ſummer, ſay why art thou flown,
Dear ſeaſon of joy, and delight
Ah with thee ev'ry, pleaſure I've known;
Has forever I fear wing'd its flight.

Ye trees of your foliage bereft,
You, drooping, like me ſeeem to mourn;
And ſighing appear to regret,
That the leaves from your branches are torn.

Bur ah droop not, for ſoon ſhall the ſpring,
Your leaves, and your vines too reſtore;
While to me, it no pleaſure can bring,
Who muſt gaze on my Emma no more.

How oft midſt your ſhades have we ſtray'd,
On the moſs cover'd rock choſe our ſeat:
While enraptur'd I gaz'd on the maid,
And the vows of my heart wou'd repeat.

Now ſhe's gone and I've ſtrove but in vain,
Her image to tear from my breaſt,
It indelibly fix'd will remain,
And forever deprive me of reſt.

Health and peace with my Emma are fled,
Nor can time e'er theſe bleſſings reſtore;
But I ſoon ſhall repoſe with the dead,
And the woes of this heart will be o'er. *M. M.*

EPIGRAM.

One who when aſked, could not comply,
Exclaim'd, "*I've other fiſh to fry,*"
A Frenchmen who o'erheard the ſaying
Soon miſapply'd it, this odd way in:
"I would do that vich you do viſh,
"But *I muſt go, and fry ſome fiſh.*

DE MONOMACHIA, SIVE DUELLO.

HOC

IN MONOMACHIAM, SIVE DUELLUM,

POEMA,

Comitiis Americanis,

DEVOTO, HUMILIQUE ANIMO,

INSCRIBEBAT AUCTOR,

L. H. G.

Die Decembris Vigesimâ quintâ, Anno Salutis, MDCCCIX.

Vos, quibus a Populo rerum commiſſa poteſtas,
Ut foret auguſti Sanctiſſima cura Senatûs
Cunctorum *Vitam, Libertatem* que tueri,
Et ſcelera utilibus legum compeſcere habenis;
Semper oratores tantùm? Nunquam ne juvabit
Heu! malè ſuſpensâ jaculari fulmina dextrâ,
Fulmina, Sacrilegum debellatura furorem?

Jam dudum, et latè noſtris graſſatur in oris
Monſtrum infandum, immane, atrox; dixere Duellum.
Hoc quondam rudis, et genio data præda feroci
Europa in ſylvis genuit, tum ſanguine alendum
Mandavit furiis; Orco auſpice, crevit in horas
Exitiale malum; nam pacis jura ſilebant,
Inque poteſtatem legum Vindicta ruebat
Effera, leti opifex, et crebro aſperſa cruore.
Ergò gigantæas vires, molem que ſuperbam,
His nacta auxiliis, gentes vexavit Eoas,
Tetra lues, rarò damnata, et ſemper inulta;
Vexat adhuc....Noſtris etiam regionibus audax
Succeſſit, diro juvenilia corda veneno
Inficiens, et vi fas omne abrumpere gaudens.

Indè mali labes; noſtros hinc ſœpè videmus,
Dum nimis indulget cœco mens læſa dolori,
Exiguo que graves poſcit de crimine pœnas,
Proh pudor! armatos in mutua funera cives,
Et Patriam, heu! crebrò cognatâ cæde madentem.

Magnanimi Heroes, qui, Libertate magiſtrâ
Caſtrorum edocti duros perferre labores,
Edocti tolerare famem, ſoleſque, hyememque,
Jura Britannorum, et leges ſolviſtis iniquas,
Non ea mens vobis, melior ſed Spiritus, aras,
Majorum decreta, focos, et dulcia caſti
Pignora conjugii, fractos que ætate Parentes,
Protegere, aut digno virtute occumbere fato!
Publica poſcebat ſibi tantos cauſa tumultus;
Tunc fas hoſtili reſpergere ſanguine terram;
Tunc decus indomitam, truculenti in pulvere campi,
Exhalare animam, ſeu vulnera tetra ciere!

At nos, progenies tantorum indigna virorum,
Nos quibus arridet vultu pax alma ſereno,
Quos et amicitiam, fraternaque jura fovere
Vult Patria, et ſanctæ invitat clementia legis,
Humani turbare vetans conſortia cœtûs,
Diſcordes animos privatæ impendimus iræ,
Et conſanguineas in fratrum corpora dextras
Vertimus, infandum! noxæ nec parcimus ulli.

Sic agit audacem de Relligione triumphum
Falſus honor; ſic juſtitiam,, ritus que benignos
Sanguineis calcat pedibus, cœlum que laceſſit!

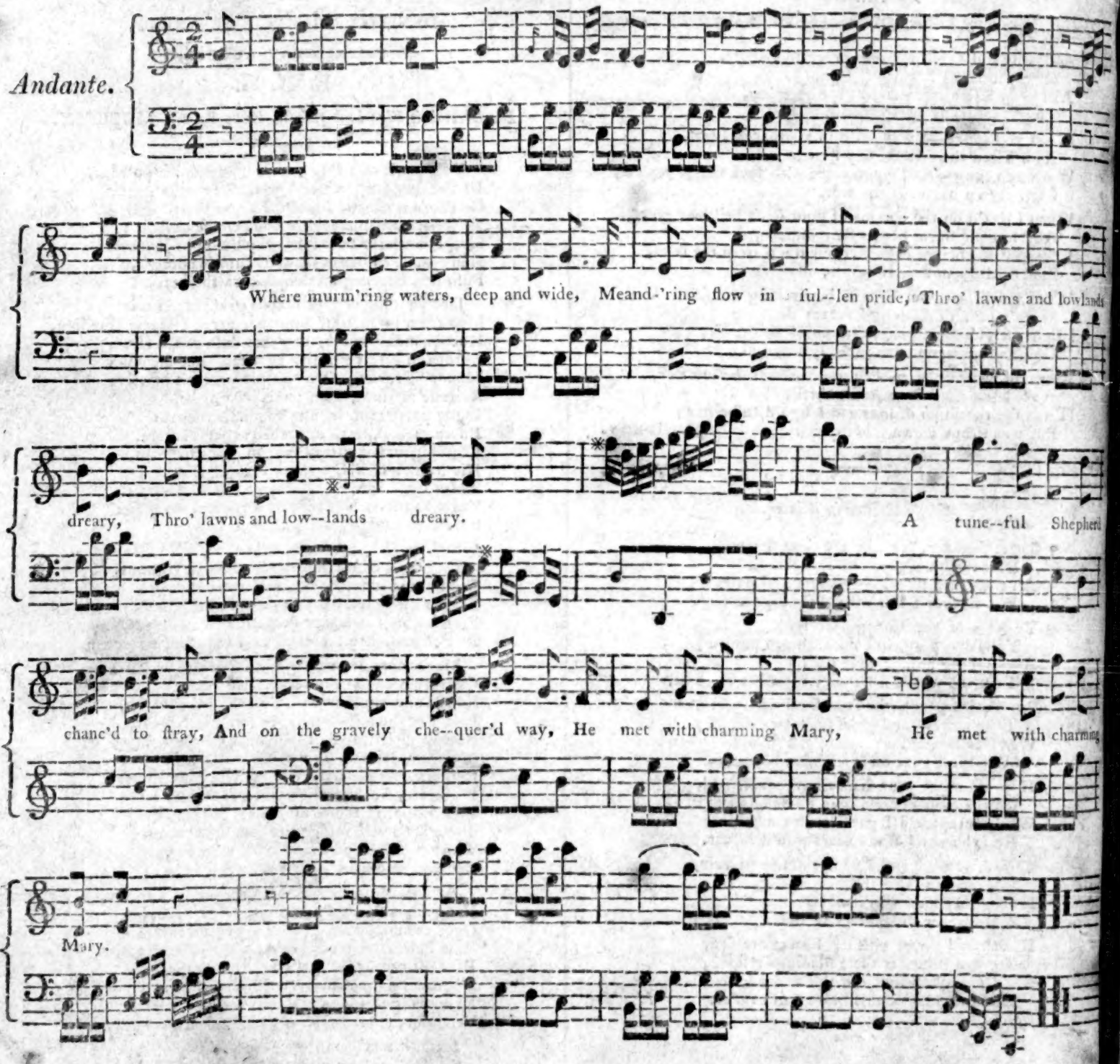
En tibi, caſta Parens, tenero, heu! viduata marito,
Filius, exultans geniali flore juventæ,
Reſtat, ſpes ſenii, tua cara et ſola Voluptas!
Ingenium nam mite dedit natura, pios que
Sancta domus mores docuit, numenque Vereri.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE VISITOR.

A NEW SONG,

Written and Composed by CHARLES SOUTHGATE.



2

And while, the woodland nymphs among,
With graceful ſtep ſhe trip'd along,
As light as any fairy,
A ling'ring, longing look he caſt,
And deeply, as ſhe bluſhing paſt,
He ſigh'd for Charming Mary.

3

But when her dulcet harp ſhe ſtrung,
And ſacred ſtrains devoutly ſung,
Or warbled ſonnets airy,
A flame more fervid fill'd his breaſt,
And freely ſoon his eyes confeſs'd
It glow'd for Charming Mary.

4

Majeſtic is her air and mein,
Yet oft her features fair are ſeen
With ſympathy to vary ;
Then where's the ſwain that would not ſigh,
All dangers brave, nay, dare to die
For love of Charming Mary.